

A new balade of the worthy seruice of late

doen by Maister Strangwige in fraunce, and of his death.

England hath lost a Soldiour of late
Who Strangwige was to name:
Although he was of meane estate
His deedes deserued fame.

For as the plowman plowes & ground
And topleth to til for cozne:
So Stragwige sought a deadly wound
For Brittain where he was bozne.

In deede of birth he was bozne bace
Although of worshipful kyn:
In youth he sought to runne the race
Where he might prowes wyn.

In his yong yeares he walked wyde
And wandred oft a stray:
For why, blynd Cupid did him guyde
To walke that wyldsome way.

Thus here & there I wot not where
He sounded where to ryde:
But happy hauen he found no where
Nor harbour for to abyde.

But when he had the course out run
Where Pyrates plect the Carde:
Twyle at the least, he thought bndone
And looked for his rewarde.

For by legall lawes he was condemn'd
Yet Mercy bare the mace
And in respect he wold amend
He found a Princes grace.

And in that state he bowed to GOD
And to his righteous Queene:
He wold nomore deserue such rod
Nor at Justice barre be scene.

He thus contented for a while
And laughed fortune to scozne:
Eyl weeds did worke by subtil guyle
To ouergrow the cozne.

And then occasion serued iust
That Martiall men must trudge:
He baunced himselfe with baliaunt iust
To go he did not grudge.

And to the sea he sought a charge
Where he might take his chaunce:
And therewith spred his sayles at large
To seke a porte in fraunce.

And passed by a warlyke towne
Where municion lay a land
He spoyld and cut their chaynes a down
And passed by strong hand.

Where as he caught a deadly wound
Yet his courage neuer quayled:
But as he had ben safe and sound
On his way forth he sayled.

And passed through euen to that porte
Where he bowed to argue:
And syl he did his men counfort
And courage did them geue.

Then A T R O P O S did him assaile
That al Adams kynd doth call:
Against whose force may none preuaile
But subiect to him all.

This life (o he) which was me lent
From iudgement seat in perrill:
I came with heart for that entent
To spend in my Queenes quarell.

Therfore this debt here wil I pay
This life which is not mine:
O Lord recepue my spirit to say
That by Christes death is thine.

All Subjects now, loke and foresee
That to trade the warres pretend:
Offendours eke (if any there bee)
Make ye no worse an end.

FINIS. m. Birch.

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